

We Don't Worry
about what you say
about us just so you
Read The Spectator

THE SPECTATOR

A SEM-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER—PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

Don't You Know
this paper will still be
alive when you're dead
Read The Spectator

VOLUME 11

OZARK, FRANKLIN COUNTY, ARKANSAS, TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1922

NUMBER 63

Call Meeting of North Franklin Co. Convention

The North Franklin County Convention, F. E. and C. U. of A. will meet in Special Session at Ozark March 11, 1922, at 10 a. m.

A. A. Williams, County Sec.
B. S. Williams, Vice Pres.

Resolutions of Respect

Whereas: It has pleased the Great Creator of the Universe to call from among us a dearly beloved and respected brother, and whereas; this Local Union feels sadly the loss of the presence and help of our brother, and whereas; we feel that in the death of H. C. McElroy we have lost a good brother, friend, neighbor and citizen, and we pass this resolution of respect for his memory, and extend to his family our sincere sympathy and goodwill.

Be it also resolved; that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our Local, a copy furnished to each of the local newspapers and a copy be delivered to his family.

Done by order of Local Union No. 210, F. E. and C. U. of A.

Otto Hood and W. I. Kirksey,
Committee.

Cravens.

Top of Alfred Cravens burned last between 12 and 1 and his truck and burning about 100 lbs of cotton. 7 bales burned, 1 to Kit Alfred Alston. He is unknown.

Allen

Sunday, Feb. 26th, at the brides home, the nuptial knot was tied that made Tommie Robertson and Miss Jessie Allen life-long companions.

The above mentioned are popular young people (in other words they are chips off the old blocks.) The two should be complimented for the selection of their life-long partners. Rev. Graham, of Anice, said the word that made them one, after which congratulations were showered upon them which continued for several days. The bride has been a life-long resident of Mill Creek Township. The groom moving from near Oak Bend has only been with us about 14 months. He has a good home which we presume will be a very happy one in days to come. The bride and groom came from religious families. They themselves being professed followers of Christ. Again we congratulate the couple.

By a Friend.

Army horses and mules are now being fed a new form of compressed food which is expected to solve the question of feeding army animals on expeditions or in time of the war. The food is in the form of compressed brick containing the finest grade of oats, with about 13 per cent pure cane molasses for food value. Four quarts of oats are used in each brick. Tests are now under way at Forts Robinson, Sam Houston and Bliss, in the United States, at Coblenz, Germany, which is occupied by American forces, and in the Canal Zone. The government has purchased 20,000 tons for experimental purposes.

Circuit Court Adjourned To Meet May 22

Circuit Court adjourned Saturday after a session of two weeks. While it was a long session and a heavy docket the cost was not as great as usual from the fact that few witnesses were used.

An adjourned term will be held May 22 to try some suits against the Western Coal and Mining Co.

To Cotton Growers

All parties holding cotton at or near Mulberry, Ark. are requested to meet at the Farmers and Merchants Bank, Saturday evening March 18th to make arrangements to get up one or two cars of cotton to send to the state pool as we can get a much better price by selling through the pool.

P. R. Anderson

C. E. Valentine Dies of Pneumonia

C. E. Valentine passed away at his home in Ozark about twelve o'clock Saturday night after a brief illness from pneumonia. While his condition was alarming yet death came earlier than even his nurse had expected and every one was shocked Sunday morning when the news went out that "Uncle Charley" Valentine was dead. Only a few knew of his illness.

Funeral services were held at the Nazarene church Monday at 2:30 p. m. by the pastor of that church, Rev. Van Arsdale. He was assisted by Rev. W. J. Faust of the Methodist Church and Rev. J. K. Smith of the Baptist Church. The church was filled with friends and acquaintances who had known and loved Mr. Valentine, through the many years that he lived in Ozark. The Masons held the final service at the grave. Mr. Valentine had not been an active member of that fraternity for a number of years but on account of his long and loyal membership, he had been made an honorary member. Favorite songs of the deceased were sung by request.

Mr. Valentine's christian life was ever joyous. He seemed to have a clearness of spiritual insight and religious fervor and he lived in such a way that his life and words were never misunderstood. His was the victorious life, he was often heard to say, "I am ready," and He being dead yet speaketh.

Mrs. L. C. McKinney

Mrs. L. C. McKinney passed away Sunday night at her home after a brief illness, at the age of ninety years.

Funeral services were held Tuesday morning at the home, conducted by J. T. Donnell. Interment was in the Highland Cemetery. The deceased was the daughter of the late Henderson Bourland a pioneer family.

She was a woman of great patience and greatness of soul. All who knew her had confidence in her christian life, which was without blemish. She was never heard to murmur nor complain and every day seemed "a good day" to Mrs. McKinney. So she lived until the end, when her tired body fell asleep.

She is survived by two daughters, Miss Vinie McKinney and Mrs. John Duncan, and two sons Judge McKinney of Oklahoma and Sterling McKinney of California. Her grandsons were the pall bearers. They were Harold McElroy, Robert, Claude and Rufus Leasley and Luther McKinney.

From Woman Voter

Dear Brother Burrow: I am sorry that you and the brother who answered me some time ago, have the opinion of women that you have, you both seem to have weighed them, and found them wanting, you surely must have been disappointed some time in life. The seeker of truth referred me to the Bible, but he surely got his wires crossed for he referred me to the 34 36 verse of a chapter that only had 17 verses and the reference that applied to a woman keeping silence was written by Paul and everyone knows he was an old bachelor and a woman hater. Does anyone who loves his wife or mother wish them to be dummies and slaves and not even have the privilege of a negro or an idiot. I say no, if a man loves his wife, he will want her to be shoulder to shoulder with him in everything, because if she is worthy to be his helpmate and the mother of his children, she is also worthy to vote, if by so doing she can better the country any by her vote. The seeker of truth said the women had the ballot for a long time and had not bettered it any, what is the reason? Because there are too many men like him that don't wish their womenfolk to understand anything about the laws or politics. He is much worse than the gambler or drunkard because they have a reason and he has not only to keep the women in ignorance of what the men do or he maybe like the man who was jealous of his own mother's literary fame and his anger knew no bounds when a poor seamstress, whom he had pushed downstairs and crippled for life, received heavy damages, then he called them all kinds of names. But so be it, ever since Eve gave Adam the apple in the garden of Eden, the men have been laying the blame for everything on the frail shoulders of the women. When the men learn better than to eat the apple maybe there won't be any more women deceived. While I know there are lot's of women whose votes won't help I have still faith enough in my own sex to believe that more than half of them are good, and as long as the men run down the female sex it pays the better part of the mothers to fight for their daughters' welfare, and while the fight is on here is one who will never turn back and flee as long as there is an enemy to face.

I do hope that every true woman will vote in the next election, good or bad. The women in every community should organize a woman's voting club so they could all get together for we all know that united we stand divided we fall and so if we all get together we can elect the good men for office in spite of the men, because good men come in with us. That every woman will do her best is the hope of a Woman Voter.

Now, we've played Whaley again. We forgot that you were raised in town and would likely give our remarks the wrong meaning. If you had been raised in the country you would have read the advice just as it was written—a kindly attempt to keep you out of the awful trouble we had been in the middle of. We just told you to put the soft pedal on that reform stuff, as it was not popular. You wanted to elect a sheriff who would break up gambling, etc. We said the sheriff had just raided an ALLEGED poker game that some dusky boys and one not so dusky was passing away the time so the ongwes wouldn't depress their spirits.

but you women could not elect a sheriff with nerve enough to raid a gambling game in the fashionable homes of the county, where the fair sex were gambling for a cut glass bowl. This reform dope is shore not popular, and you'd better read this like a country woman, and get the fact fixed in your noggin that you will get into a peck of trouble trying to get people to quit their meanness. You go calmly about your daily tasks and raise lots of chickens and children—and raise 'em right—like your mother raised you, and let this untoward generation get into their autos and ride to h— the grave, we never can get this new bible language pat like we've got the old one. Now that's country talk—means just what it reads. You know in town there is so much eddy, jealousy, prejudice and social and political ambition, every fellow trying to climb above the other fellow, that we use the language of diplomacy—we say one thing and mean another. You remember when you lived in town and saw Sallye Smythe headed toward your house you would exclaim in tragic tones, "I do hope she aint comin' here; well I do believe she is. Yes, she is, Carrye, run shut the bed room door, the beds aint made up and the old long tongue thing will be gossiping all over town about it. I do wish the old gad-about hadn't come this morning I wanted to get this ironing done. She's just traipsin' over town to show off that new spring hat, and look! the little upstart has got on a new dress, I bet I'll take her down a peg or two. Marye, run out and meet her and take her into the parlor while I wash the sweat off my face and slip on my new house dress, and powder my nose. Hurry now, she'll be sticking her nose about the kitchen, if you don't head her off." Then when you get all dolled up you got a new novel in your hand and languidly oozed into the parlor and gushingly exclaimed, "Oh! Sallye, how glad I am you came this morning (Smack, buss.) I'm lonesome I just told Carrye I hoped you'd come today, I so wanted to show you my new spring clothes, designed by Madame De Bustus of St. Louis who came over from Paris just this Spring. Marye why didn't you bring Sallye out on the porch where it is cool? I was just studying up on the address that I'm to deliver next week at the Society for the Prevention of Graft Among Husband's and thinking made me so tired that I was resting in the hammock, when I heard your sweet voice and I jumped up and said, there's dear Sallye. Just look at my dress. It's the latest color in foolyard silk and has this cute little crick in the back and stitch in the side that makes it look just heavenly on me. Isn't your dress beautiful, but its such a pity that these seamstresses here make such a botch of everything. I do believe, my dear, that the skirt hangs lopsided and it's a shame that the blue bow on you hat don't match the green figure in your dress. Madame De Bustum would never make such a mistake—You are not going this soon are you? Just put a dab of powder on your nose, my dear, it looks right shiny. Well, if you must go be sure to be at church Sunday for Madame De Bustis said my new hat will be here and I want you to see how well it matches my dress." And as she went home to cry you hissed at Marve, "She can smoke that awhile."

Now since you are living in the country you talk plain English—like The Spectator—only your

town training causes you to look for a double meaning to what you read. When you see Sallye Smith coming down the road you say, "Yonder comes Sallye, I do hope she is comin' here, Mary, run out to the gate and tell her to come in and spend the day; Carrie, redd up the porch a little so she can get in; howdy, Sally, (Narry a Smack and narry a Buss) you're awful good to stop; I'm just tucked out trying to do this big ironing and I tend to a sick baby and the girls have been doctoring the chickens and haven't even made up the beds yet and here it is nine o'clock; say, Sallye, what do you give your chickens for the pip, I've done every fawn thing I know to do and it looks like they are all goner die; Mary, run and get that bottle of hive medicine and let Sallye see if its the same. Dr. Quackem fixed up for her little Johnnie; I set up half the night with the baby and this medicine didn't do any more good than that much water." And at sundown as she leaves you say, "You sure have been lots of help today and the first time you get in a tight send one of the boys over and I'll come and help you out; and I'm going to send Mary over to get the pattern of that new bonnet, it's the prettiest I've seen this year; and if John has money enough left when he sells his cotton he's goin' to get me a new calico dress and I want to borrow the pattern of that dress, it sets better on you than anything I've ever seen you wear and mercy knows you always look dressed up." Now "Truth Seeker" aint no punkin he's a moonshiner up in the mountains and he read our articles as he went to build a fire under his still, and missed a lot when he'd stumble, and he didn't understand anything except that you wanted to stop bootlegging and gambling, which would ruin his business, and we advised you to go easy. He intended to read it again, but his kindling was wet and The Spectator makes fine kindling, being so dry. But that reform dope is mighty unpopular, as the sheriff found out when he got his alleged poker players in court. He swore he caught them with the money on the table and the cards in their hands. One of the boys swore, "I sho want gamblin', Boss, day tawt me bettah den to play pokah long time ago and I aint played none sence." The jury took the boy's word in pref-

Report of Grandjury.

To the Honorable James Cochran, Ju ge of the 15 Judicial District:

We the grand jury empaneled by you for the February 1922 term of court, for the Ozark District, beg leave to submit the following report:

In the investigation of such violations of the law as we felt demand our attention we have examined 89 witnessses, at a total expense of \$180.80.

We have returned 49 true bills. We have examined the reports of Justices of Peace and find them in the main correct. There are no reports from some of the townships, but we understand there are no Justices of the peace in them.

We have examined the Jail and found it in excellent condition. Being well cared for by Sheriff Harman and his jailor, Claude Talley. We recommended that the jail be screened at an early date. That two or three cuspidors be provided for the jail. That a stove be provided for the jail before next winter. We found the prisoners well pleased with the treatment they are receiving at the hands of the sheriff and jailor and a unanimous expression of the appreciation of the wholesome food being provided by Mrs. Harman.

We recommend to the Honorable County Judge that he have toilets add lavatories with water connections installed in the Court House in such a manner as to best accommodate those having business with the court.

We desire to thank all the officials connected with the court for their co-operation in the discharge of our duties.

We wish to thank Sheriff Harman and his corps of deputies for their prompt execution of subpoenas emanating from this grand jury and to the bailiff, Claude Talley, for the prompt and courteous manner in which he has waited upon this body.

We have finished all investigations that we feel demand our attention and respectfully ask that you discharge us.

L. L. Ford, Foreman.
Garland Hamm, Clerk.

reference to the sheriff's and the boys are still ALLEGED poker players. My advice to you is to not buck public opinion, its too nerve racking. Let 'em go to the grave. I'm learning it

Public Stock Sale Ozark, Ark.

Saturday, Mar. 11

Commencing at 1 o'clock, Sharp

40 head of good, broke horses and mules, weightg 700 to 1,200 lbs. Absolutely no by-bidding---everything will sell regardless of price.

A. J. Lawrence,
Auctioneer

Joe Bonner,
Owner